

## HOW TO PROPOSE.

First drop mamma, for you must be alone; A man can't "pop" before a chaperon. Then choose a site—the yard is just the place, Beneath the Chinese lanterns' magic glaze— But if the band is playing "Hail, Timbuktu," And if the crowd all "rubber-neck" at you, Then take her somewhere where the light is dim, Take her to Beck or even to the gym.

When you have found a site, ask her to sit With you and watch the juicy June bug sit, Or spring some other like poetic thought, For by poetic words they oft are caught. Regale her with some drip about the moon, That great round orb that loveth those who spoon, And speak of love of ceaseless love galore, But do not speak of those you've loved before.

Then cast a few deep breathings on the air, Put on a look of seeming sad despair And cry aloud: "My college life is done, I've got to face this cruel world alone. Alone I have to face its fearful knock, With none so poor to mend my tatty socks." And then, if she's the girl she ought to be, She'll shyly mutter, "Well, what's wrong with me?"

—Harvard Lampoon.



By M. Quad.

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For 30 years or more I had known myself to be an honest man. I mean that I had never wronged a fellow man out of so much as a penny, though I had had hundreds of opportunities. In my business dealings I had been absolutely square if not a little too liberal, and in private life I had gone out of my way to prove my integrity. I had found umbrellas and journeyed half way across London to restore them. I had found small sums of money and paid for the advertising out of my own pocket. I had taken in homeless dogs and fattened them up and sent them home in cabs. I had been cheated in buying a cab, but in selling him again I had pointed out the spavins. I had bought South African stocks at \$10 and sold them at \$10, though the market price was \$11. In buying and overhauling an old cabinet I had found papers of value and restored them without demanding a reward.

It never occurred to me to pat myself on the back for an honest man, but in a general way I realized that I was



FIVE NEAT PACKAGES OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

above temptation. I must admit that it was a balmy feeling and that as I looked around upon my fellow men and knew that not over one in ten thousand was honest—as honest as I was—my self importance was greatly added to. Several queer things happened me one June day. I had been down to Oxford on a little business, and as I settled my bill at the hotel previous to departure the landlord made a mistake of a shilling in my favor. I called his attention to it, of course. I had to make change with a cabby at the depot, and he would have beaten himself out of fourpence had I not called his attention to the mistake. A ticket seller rarely makes a mistake, at least in favor of a traveler, but on this occasion I was given quite a bit of change too much, and though I received only a gruff word as I returned it I had cleared my conscience. I shared the compartment with a traveler, a man who had hunched up shoulders, pulled his hat low down and seemed to sleep for the 30 miles he rode with me. In the baggage rack was a paper parcel, but he did not take it with him as he got out. For 20 minutes after being left alone I had no curiosity about that parcel. Then it occurred to me to inspect the contents and be ready to turn it over as lost property on arrival at the terminus.

My interest was languid until the parcel was opened. I had anticipated nothing of value, but what did I behold? In that parcel or package were five neat packages of Bank of England notes, each one containing £1,000. There wasn't so much as a scrap of paper with them, nothing whatever to prove ownership or tell how they had got there. The wrapper was common brown paper and had been used before. It was a queer find, and I couldn't make out whether the money belonged to the passenger who had just left or some one before him. I had no idea of robbery, but laid it all to carelessness. After inspecting the bills I retied the package and smiled a bit at the consternation of the loser. His loss would be only temporary, however. The package would be handed over in London, and he would merely have to prove property to obtain possession. He might wish to reward me, but I would not accept a penny.

It was only when the train ran into the station that I suddenly changed my mind. As the porter unlocked the door and passed on and I stepped out the thought came to me to retain that money. Before I could argue with myself my legs were carrying me off. I was meaning all the time to give up the

parcel and yet I was hurrying away and dodging among the crowd. I really didn't come to myself until reaching my chambers, and then I was in two minds. Conscience demanded that I return the money, and the devil whispered to me to retain it. I dodged between the two by promising to return it as soon as it should be advertised. I even promised my conscience that I would make a long journey if necessary to restore the money. To show you that I was still an honest man let me say that when a bill was presented to me that evening for the care of my horse I found a mistake of a sixpence in favor of the stable and rectified it. Yes; I was still honest, and I meant to restore that money, but I must first be satisfied as to the ownership.

Next day, to my great surprise and also to my gratification, no advertisement appeared. It was my duty as an honest man to either advertise or take the money to the lost property office of the railroad line. You will agree with me that it was, and yet I brought forward a dozen arguments to the contrary and didn't do either one. When a week had gone by and no advertisement appeared, I began to look upon the money as mine. In three days more I felt sure it was mine. At the end of the second week I was figuring what use to make of it. It wasn't exactly that the find had knocked out all the principles 30 years had built up, but that I had never before been tempted. Without temptation I had argued only one side of the question. After a week had gone by I dared not return the package to the railroad, and after three weeks had passed with no advertisement the money seemed to belong to me. I said to myself that I ought to advertise it, but I also argued that if the loser hadn't interest enough to seek to recover such a sum of money how could I be expected to? Unless you are a strictly honest man, as I knew myself to be, you have no idea of the many arguments that can be advanced in favor of dishonesty.

At the end of three weeks I had determined to add the find to my bank account and give it up called upon. Aye, I would even pay interest on the sum and any extra expense the loser had been put to. This seemed more than fair to me, and I figured that my honesty had not suffered one jot. The money would have gone to the bank, as per programme, but my valet stepped in. He was not an honest man, as I am deeply grieved to say. He could not stand temptation. Coming across the package by accident, he tucked it under his arm and walked off, and I have never since set eyes on him. I could not well go to the police and ask them to hunt for him, and so he had a clear road. After he had disappeared I could not advertise for the real owner and let him take the trail, and so the dishonest rascal was free to head for America, where, I am told, honesty is a scarce article among men. As a matter of fact, no owner ever came forward or has not up to date. That makes the money mine or gives me the guardianship of it, but as it is in the hands of a dishonest valet and as I dare not put the police after him I am £5,000 out of pocket and have nothing to show for my sterling integrity of character. Sometimes in reviewing this case I doubt if it pays to be honest, but again I reflect that a clear conscience is ample reward for withstanding temptation.

## Both Have Equal Rights.

It is the duty of a pedestrian to keep upon the sidewalk save when it is necessary to cross the roadway, and then to cross at an opportune moment and with reasonable expedition. It is, nevertheless, equally the duty of those in charge of vehicles, however propelled, to restrain them within reasonable speed, to keep them under constant control and steerage way and to exercise all possible diligence in avoiding collisions. They are as much bound to look out for pedestrians at the crosswalks as pedestrians are to look out for them. They are as much bound to slacken their speed to avoid collision as the pedestrian is to quicken his. It is in fact far easier for the men on the vehicles to keep their eyes on the pedestrians and avoid running them down than it is for the pedestrians to keep theirs on the multitude of vehicles which may be converging upon them from different directions. Simply ringing the gong is not enough. "Caveat pedes" is not the only rule of the road. —New York Tribune.

## The Work of Salvation.

Mrs. Pudunker—Seems to me 'tisn't exactly right to be addin' so much water to the milk, specially on Sunday mornin'.

Deacon Pudunker (milkman)—Why, Miranda, you wouldn't stand in the way of salvation, would ye?

"Of course not."

"Well, don't ye know one-half of them what goes to church never hears a word because they're asleep in the pews? It's shameful!"

"Indeed it is. But they shouldn't fall asleep."

"They can't help it, Miranda. Give people rich milk, as they're bound to feel sleepy. It's worse than opium. Pump a little more, Miranda."—New York Weekly.

## The Gravy Was Cold.

Stanley (aged 4 years)—Mamma, please sing that lovely song called "The Hash Is Cold."

Mamma—I don't know any such song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?

Stanley—No, indeed, mamma; it's a "sorrow song."

Mamma—Well, I can't think what you mean.

A little later she sings from "My Dearest Heart," "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (excitedly)—That's it, mamma; that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash; it was the gravy.

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## TEA TABLE ETIQUETTE.

## Quaint Customs Once Observed in English Dames.

Tea drinking has become very fashionable among us of late years, almost as much so as it was in England a century ago, but the prevailing customs at the table are different. The "teacup times of hood and hoop" had their own etiquette, of a sort not likely to be revived. What should we think now of a fashionable lady who cooled her tea with her breath? Yet Young says of a certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected seyphus blow  
To cool the Bohus and infuse the bean,  
While one white finger and a thumb conspire  
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

Again a passage in contemporary literature shows that it was a lack of good manners to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Says a lady of quality to her daughter: "I must further advise you, Harriet, not to heap such mountains of sugar into your tea, nor to pour such a deluge of cream in. People will certainly take you for the daughter of a dairy maid."

Certain other customs may be remembered in this country among us who had grandmothers trained in the ceremonies of a later day. One of them consisted in putting the spoon in the cup to show that no more tea was desired; another was that of turning over the cup in the saucer for the same purpose.

Etiquette also demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon, and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Certain scrupulous old ladies ask that now, and the question savors of a more sedate and gentle day than this.—St. Louis Republic.

## AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT.

## The Head Bookkeeper Finally Balances His Accounts.

A south side man who is a clerk in one of the leading banks on this side of the river was in a communicative mood last night. During a conversation about various things he took on a retrospective air and said, "There is nothing like the faithful discharge of one's duties, but it is sometimes an expensive experiment."

On being questioned as to the cause of the remark he replied: "Well, it reminds me of an experience I had while employed in a prominent Fourth avenue bank. I don't mind telling it to you. The head bookkeeper was a character in many ways. Method was his hobby. He had a way of doing everything, and he never varied from the rules he set down. Exactness in his accounts was a particular fad, and he spared no pains in carrying his ideas into effect. One afternoon in balancing our books it was found he was short 1 cent. We searched and searched, but when it came to the usual time for going home that cent was still missing.

"Do you think the head bookkeeper would allow us to go? Not much. Several of us had engagements we wanted to fulfill, but it made no difference. Supper time came, and we were no further ahead than when we started. Headed by the bookkeeper, we repaired to a neighboring restaurant for supper and then returned to work. After several hours the missing cent was found and the accounts balanced. But in figuring up it was discovered that in searching for the discrepancy of 1 cent the bank had incurred a bill for supper to the amount of \$7.50."—Detroit Free Press.

## All American Children.

"Do you not have trouble with so many nationalities?" the spectator asked of the principal of a large school in the crowded tenement part of the city. "Oh, we hang the flag over the school platform," was the answer, "and have the regular exercise of saluting it, and the children become very patriotic indeed. They will not own, in most cases, that they are not Americans." "Yea," said the other teacher, "I often ask, 'Will the German children stand up?' The Germans are more wedded to their fatherland, apparently, than other immigrants, for a few—though not by any means half—of them usually rise to this invitation. 'Now let the Italian children stand,' generally brings no response at all, though the school is crowded with them in my district. But when I end up by saying, 'Will the American children stand up?' the whole school rises joyfully."—Outlook.

## As to Providence.

A country parson went to see a humble parson, and, if possible, to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The parson found the homely old man in his desolate cottage alone. He said many things, and added that he must try to take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by Providence.

"Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology, "that's right enough, that is. But somehow that there old Providence have bin ag'in me all along, but I reckon as there's one above all'll put a stopper on he if he go too fur."—Baltimore News.

## Wanted Them All.

Julia Ward Howe was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said, pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Howe, sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

The right leg is far more subject to accidents, than the left. It has been found that the ratio is about 18 serious accidents to the right leg to three to the left.

The practice of kissing under the mistletoe is of very ancient origin, as it dates from the days of the Druids, when no doubt it had a religious meaning.

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